



Trying to explain



15 0 1

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Amy walked from the bus stop with her older sisters, Sophia and Lily. Sophia was going on and on about how her and Lily were going to the mall with their boyfriends, Jackson and Ethan. Amy walked with them, pretending she was listening, when in reality, she had her headphones in, listening to some music on her Ipod. They walked home, and Amy went inside. Just as Sophia was halfway through, and Lily was inside, Amy heard a car horn over her music. The girls turned around and saw Jackson's blue convertible, top down, in front of their yard. Sophie squealed and ran over to him. She gave him a hug, then a kiss, and then, she got in the car. "Bye Soph," Lily said, then elbowed Amy to make her say it to. "Bye Sophie," Amy said, and kicked Lily. "Bye," Sophie said, waving as the car pulled away. Lily closed the door and went into the living room, with Amy following close behind. "Daddy, Amy kicked me," She said to her father, who was smoking on the couch.

"Amy did what?" he asked, not really sure what his daughter had said while Amy took out her headphones and turned off her Ipod. "Amy kicked me," Lily repeated. "Did you kick your sister Amy?" their father asked. "Only because she elbowed me in the side," Amy replied. Amy's dad looked at Lily with furious eyes. Lily responded to this look by saying, "She was being rude."

Amy's father stood up, and grabbed a beer bottle, of which he had drunk all the contents of. He walked over to Amy, and stood in front of her. She stared back at him with the same brown eyes, but with a small, cold smile. Amy's father raised the bottle, and Amy raised her head with her hands.

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all before the bottle came down hard on her hands, which were now bleeding, thanks to the glass that the bottle was made from breaking.

"Go to your room," Her father shouted, and then continued, "I will find a punishment more suitable later. I do not want you coming out until I say to. Got it?" "Got it," Amy said, sounding mad now. She turned around and went to her room on the second floor. From her room, she heard another car honk its horn. She figured it was Lily's boyfriend, Ethan, and did not even look. She went to her closet, and retrieved a bottle of Alcohol that she had hidden there months ago. She took off the top and started to chug the bottle down. Once it was halfway gone, she stopped, put the top back on, put it back in its hiding place, and went over to her desk. She retrieved a pen from the desk, and a notebook. She opened it up to the first clean page, and wrote,

Dear Diary,

Today is my eighteenth birthday, and it is pretty much just like any other day of the year, or any other birthday I have experienced since I started school. Some kid at school told the whole school that I was a, and I quote 'No good little lyin brat' They said I was a 'Stupid little whore with a whole lotta problems.' Maybe they were right about me havin a whole lotta problems. Everyone called me a bitch and told me to go die. Dad is upset with me, oh, and everyone forgot it was my birthday. Well, that's my day, pretty much wrapped up so far. Hope you have a better day than me.

Amy closed the diary, put it, and her pen in the drawer, and then pulled out a pocket knife from the drawer. She got up from the desk and went to sit on her bed. She stared at the blade for a long moment, then, she pulled up the sleeve of the sweatshirt she

was wearing, revealing numerous scars on her arm. She took the knife, and cut her arm. With the knife, she cut one deep line in her arm. It was a tally mark. All of the scars on her arm were tally

marks. She whispered to herself, "one more day of torture almost over." The next thing she did, leaving the blade on her floor, was take out a pill bottle. She pulled a six pack of beer out from

under her bed. She took one out and then, she opened the bottle, revealing several pills still in there. She took two of the small c

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took out her phone, which Luke came up on the screen. She smiled and answered the phone.

"Hello," she said. "Hey Ames," Luke said on the other side of the phone. "How you doing?" "I'm fine, how about you?" Amy said, lying to him, while trying to keep her voice even. "I'm good, playin video games, anyway, wanted to see if you could hang out on Saturday." "I'm free, so sure. Pick me up at 2 p.m." Amy replied. Just then, her father yelled her name, and she told him she had to go. Amy walked downstairs and looked at her dad. "Give me your phone," he said, with a serious look on his face. Amy gave him her phone. Her father then put it in his own pocket. He told her to get her computer, and any other electronic in her room. Amy went up stairs, and into her room. She closed the door behind her, and went to grab her computer off of her bed. When she approached her bed, she relized she had left the knife and pills out, along with the beer bottle.

Amy quickly put the knife back in her drawer, shoved the pills into her pillow case, and threw the beer bottle out her window. The bottle landed in the recycling bin in her neighbor's backyard. She grabbed her computer and ran downstairs quickly, so that her father would not think she was hiding something when she did not return in a certain amount of time. Her father was still waiting in the living room. She handed him the computer, and he placed it on the table. He then took the phone out of his pocket. He had gotten a fire going while she was gone, and now, he turned to put more wood in the fire. He then looked her in the eye and said, "You know what you did was wrong, and you still did it." Emma and Olivia, amy's two younger siblings, were standing in the doorway, watching all of this go down. Her older brother, Aiden, was sitting on the couch, along with her younger brothers, Liam and Lucas, the male twins in the house.

Amy's father grabbed Amy's computer and phone off the table. He then looked at her again and said, "This is what happens when you misbehave." He threw the computer and phone into the fire, and Amy stared, wide eyed in horror, as her phone and computer slowly started to melt. When she was finally out of shock, she looked at her father with a rage much stronger than the

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Amy stood up, breathing heavily. Her sleeves had torn, and now it was obvious that she had been cutting herself. Her nose was also bleeding, and she was bruised from cheek to foot. Her arm was broken, and she had lost three teeth, all of which being wisdom teeth. She went into the bathroom to examine her injuries. She spit a little blood mixed with spit into the sink, then looked into the mirror to see how her mouth was. Along with the three teeth, the inside of her lip, a large part of her gum, and even her tongue were also bleeding. She closed her mouth and looked at her face. Her cheek was bruised from where she had been hit, her lip was bleeding on the outside to, her nose was practically gushing blood. She lifted her bangs, which were now covering both her left and right eye, due to being knocked down during the fight. She had a black eye on the right side. She fixed her bangs and continued to look for injuries. When it seemed as if there was no more bleeding, Amy went into her room, and made a cast out of an old shirt. Then, she laid her head on her pillow, and drifted off to sleep.

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